

Toward my Seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better
(*Cornets. a great cry and noice within crying a Palamon.*)
I am not there, oh better never borne
Then minister to such harme, what is the chance?

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Crie's a *Palamon.*

Emil. Then he has won: Twas ever likely,
He look'd all grace and successe, and he is
Doubtlesse the prim'st of men: I pre'thee run
And tell me how it goes.

Showt, and Cornets: Crying a Palamon.

Ser. Still *Palamon.*

Emil. Run and enquire, poore Servant thou hast lost,
Vpon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamons on the left, why so, I know not,
I had no end in't; else chance would have it so.

Another cry, and showt within, and Cornets.
On the sinister side, the heart lyes; *Palamon*
Had the best boding chance: This burst of clamour
Is sure th'end o'th Combat, *Enter Servant.*

Ser. They saide that *Palamon* had *Arcites* body
Within an inch o'th Pyramid, that the cry
Was generall a *Palamon*: But anon,
Th' Assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold Tytlers, at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emil. Were they metamorphis'd
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a Man: their single share,
Their noblenes peculier to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity values shortnes

Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.
To any Lady breathing——More exulting?
Palamon still?

Ser. Nay, now the sound is *Arcite.*

Emil. I pre'thee lay attention to the Cry.

Cornets.

Cornets. a great showt and cry.
Set both thine eares to'th busines.

Ser. The cry is
Arcite, and victory, harke *Arcite*, vic
The Combats consummation is procla
By the wind Instruments.

Emil. Halfe sights saw
That *Arcite* was no babe: god's lyd,
And costlines of spirit look't through
No more be hid in him, then fire in fl
Then humble banckes can goe to law
That drift windes, force to raging: I
Good *Palamon* would miscarry, yet I
Why I did thinke so; Our reasons are
When oft our fancies are: They are co
Alas poore *Palamon.*

*Enter Thesem, Hipolita, Pirithous, &
attendants, &c.*

Thef. Lo, where our Sister is in ex
Yet quaking, and unsettled: Fairest *Em*
The gods by their divine arbitrament
Have given you this Knight, he is a g
As ever strooke at head: Give me you
Receive you her, you him, be plighted
Alone that growes, as you decay;

Arcite. Emily,
To buy you, I have lost what's decreed
Save what is bought, and yet I purcha
As I doe rate your value.

Thef. O loved Sister,
He speakes now of as brave a Knight
Did spur a noble Steed: Surely the
Would have him die a Batchelour, le
Should shew i'th world too godlike:
So charmd me, that me thought *Alc*
To him a sow of lead: if I could prai
Each part of him to'th all; I have spo
Did not loose by't; For he that was